

So It Goes...

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/36906736) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/36906736>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Hermione Granger/Severus Snape
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Knotting , Breeding , Breeding Kink , Mating Bites , Light Bondage , Humor , Hair-pulling , Alpha Severus Snape , Omega Hermione Granger
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-05 Words: 3,482 Chapters: 1/1

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by [onefiftyeight](#)

Summary

Alpha!Severus sees Omega!Hermione at a pub. A/B/O nonsense ensues.

Notes

Happy Birthday, Franklin 🥰🥰🥰 Here's to another great year of writing smut!

- Translation into Русский available: [И пошло-поехало](#) by [VictoriTati](#)

He smelled her before he saw her. She was sitting in the back, where nary a light touched her. But Severus did not need to see her to know that this woman was young, unmated, and most importantly, in heat.

Being out like that, with so many hungry Alphas about, was an invitation for trouble. So, Severus took it as an invitation to join her. He did not have to sate his own hunger; he merely needed to tell this young lady to be more careful.

Her face was still mostly obscured when he took the seat opposite hers, but that meant that his own would also be unrecognizable. Severus thought it was better that way; they wouldn't need to recognize each other after this.

"Hello, stranger," she said, her voice honey. Severus's dick twitched at the sweetness in her words, though he told himself it was merely the pheromones clogging his nostrils. And was there something familiar to that voice?

But whatever he was about to say died in his throat as his eyes adjusted to the dark, and he saw what the woman was wearing. A silky emerald dress that clung to her body like water pouring over her skin. She leaned her elbow on the table, her head resting on her hand, which only made her round, full breasts more pronounced. Severus was worried they might spill out onto the table at any moment. Not that he was opposed to the idea...

"A little tongue-tied, are we?" the woman teased. Severus forced his eyes away from her breasts to look into her eyes. "It's okay. You can look your fill."

The halo of curly hair, the soft, brown eyes. Recognition dawned like a bucket of cold water. "Granger..." Severus stammered. "What..."

The woman—Granger—leaned forward even further. "Do you like what you see?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper. It sent a shiver down his spine.

"Granger, you're not thinking clearly. The hormones—"

"I don't mean to correct you, sir, but this is the most clear-headed I've felt in a long time."

"Don't call me 'sir,'" Severus said, even though the way she had pronounced it made his cock twitch.

Granger took a sip of her drink. Severus could see that it was only water, lending credence to her claim that she was of sound mind. His eyes dropped to her breasts again. Her nipples were now visible, stiff peaks peeking through the fabric of her dress. Severus could smell the arousal gathering between her legs. He licked his lips. Perhaps he needed his own drink.

"So, are we going to do this? Because I could find someone else—"

Severus stopped Granger from moving by resting his palm on her bare thigh. Her dress must have been incredibly short because he could feel no trace of it.

“Wait a minute,” he said, trying to collect his swimming thoughts. “My place or yours?”

Granger smiled wickedly.

Hermione had been single for a while. Too long, in fact. She had been taking the potion to suppress her heats like a good little Omega, but the process was beginning to bore Hermione. She wanted to have sex, and not just any sex, but the bed-rocking, back-breaking kind that only came with good, old-fashioned, heat-induced rutting. Once she had made up her mind, Hermione just needed to find an Alpha.

But she couldn't have *any* Alpha. Since Earth-shattering sex with an Alpha always also came with the added caveat of children, Hermione had to choose wisely. She needed someone who was unattached, financially stable, and, most importantly, intelligent. Hermione did not want a mate who could not keep up with her intellectually. There was really only one Alpha who fit that bill.

Severus Snape.

The fact that he had been her professor and was nearly twenty years her senior was no issue. In fact, Hermione found these elements titillating. Perhaps she could even convince him some time to give her “detention” and swat her naughty bum. The possibilities were as great as Hermione's depraved imagination.

So, did Hermione ask around to find out the name of his favorite pub? Yes, she did. Might that have been an ethical gray area? Of course. But it was not as if Hermione forced him to take her home. No, he had done that of his own volition.

And now that she was in his house, Hermione could see that she had chosen well. Severus Snape's furniture was sturdy and well-crafted, indicative of someone who made good money and prepared for the future. Sure, he could use some design help from Hermione, but they could discuss that further after she had built her nest.

Hermione felt hot breath just above her pulse point. But there was other business to attend to first.

Snape had pushed her up against the wall of his bedroom and was running his hand along her side. His knee was placed firmly between her legs, and Hermione had already rubbed herself thoroughly over it. He would need to replace that pair of trousers.

Then his tongue darted out to lick along her scent gland. Hermione shuddered as a frisson of pleasure racked her body. Snape brought his lips to the spot and sucked, causing Hermione to gush. Now he would *definitely* need to replace them.

Severus had never had such a responsive little Omega on his hands before. Or rather, he had never had an Omega period. He had heard they were messy, but he had not anticipated needing to replace his whole wardrobe after an encounter.

Not that he minded. Granger smelled so good, was so wet and willing. He could not wait to take his cock from its zippered prison and fill her with his seed. She was small, but Severus could tell she would bear him a veritable litter of pups. Already, he was imagining her puttering about his house, her breasts and belly swollen. Severus could not fathom how it was possible, but his dick got even harder at the thought.

One might assume that Severus Snape, consummate misanthrope, would never want a family. Instead, on the contrary, Severus had not dared to hope for such a future for himself. So, if a friendly little Omega offered herself up to him, how else was he supposed to respond?

Severus removed his mouth from her gland. He would bite her there eventually but now was not the time. He kissed up along her neck to her ear, which he nibbled. Granger moaned, dipping her head back and thrusting her chest forward as if in offering. Severus did not have to be asked twice. He reached up to cup her breasts in his hands. They were just as soft as he had hoped, filling his hands completely. Indeed this had to have been fate.

He could feel her nipples pressing against his palms, and suddenly he had a burning desire to see them, to touch them, to *taste* them. Severus pulled down one of the thin straps of Granger's dress, but in so doing, he tore it clean off. He stared at the bit of fabric in his hand, embarrassed by what he had done.

But Granger only chuckled. "It's nothing, sir. You may proceed with the bodice ripping."

Encouraged by her words and impressed by his latent strength—perhaps a side effect of his rut?—Severus pulled on the other strap. This time, instead of just her strap coming off, the back of the dress tore open with a satisfying ripping sound. Severus pulled the dress down further, finally exposing her bare breasts to the night air.

Severus inhaled sharply. Granger's breasts were deliciously heavy, tipped with dusky nipples, begging to be sucked. Unfortunately, however, she was much too short for him to do so comfortably, so he lifted her up and carried her to his bed.

After he had deposited her there, Severus moved to cover her body with his own. He lowered his face to her right breast and drew it into his mouth with a wet pop, to which Granger cried out in response. Severus took that as an invitation to suck harder. He was rewarded with another adorable little cry. Then Severus bit down. This time the sound was accompanied by an adorable thrashing of her legs.

Severus moved to the other breast, ensuring that both sides were shown the attention they so clearly deserved. She whimpered so pathetically each time he used his teeth. If Granger wanted mercy, she would not find it in his bed.

And when he finally came up for air, he looked down at the woman underneath him. With her hair splayed wildly over his pillows, she gazed up at him with the most perfect example of fuck-me eyes he had ever seen. Granger's mouth was parted lasciviously, and he could see her quickened breathing, the magnificent rising, and falling of her chest. This, combined with her ruined dress, provided a positively debauched tableau.

Something came over Severus. He produced an animalistic snarl from the back of his throat. Severus needed to taste her. *Now*. He ripped her dress the rest of the way off.

Finally naked, Severus could see the liquid gathering between her legs. He inhaled fully. Her slick smelled divine as if the gods themselves had specifically crafted it to tempt him. Based on the way Granger was squeezing her soft thighs, Severus could tell that she was pulled taut and liable to snap at any moment. He wanted to test that.

Severus reached a single finger between her legs to find her clit, that little bud of pleasure. It did not take much, only a tiny stroke, but she keened so loudly and shut her eyes tight when Severus touched her there. A fresh gush of honeyed slick appeared between her legs. Severus smiled to himself, noting how responsive his little Omega was. He would use that to his advantage.

Positioning himself between her legs, Severus darted a tongue out to taste her dewy folds. Just as he had hoped. Granger tasted as delicious as she smelled. He lapped hungrily, careful to gather all of the liquid currently pouring from her cunt. But it was not to be, as Severus was only one man, and Granger was particularly drenched.

He was focused solely on this goal, but Severus, somewhere in the back of his consciousness, was vaguely aware that Granger was tugging at the sheets. Severus couldn't have that. He pulled his wand from his pocket, producing a rope that wound its way around both of her wrists. Then the rope fixed itself to his headboard and pulled, bringing her arms above her head and holding them firmly in place.

Snape was looking up at her, grinning like a devil, his face glistening with her slick. She fought against her restraints, but only for show. She liked being at the mercy of this man, this *Alpha*. And the more he feasted on her, the more feral he became. Hermione was thrilled. It would not be long now till she was full to bursting with his seed.

Evidently satisfied with his level of control over her, Snape returned to his ministrations. Every lick sent her tottering ever closer to the precipice, yet when Snape sensed she was getting close, he would stop and slow, avoiding the places that needed his attention the most. Hermione wanted to curse him out for being a godsdamned tease, but she knew that would only encourage him. So, Hermione would have to wait it out and hope he grew tired of his games.

Being edged, Hermione concluded, was almost painful. Her legs would tense after a while of stimulation by his tongue, and her body would prepare for the orgasm that it was entirely confident would come. So, when Snape would stop touching her, it was like she was returning to square one. Except, it was not exactly square one. Hermione was still hypersensitive, which only shortened her bouts of pleasure.

Eventually, she could take it no longer, and Hermione cried out in frustration when Snape did not bring her to completion.

He lifted his head up again, wearing that same sly grin. "I'm sorry. Is something the matter?" he asked, feigning ignorance.

Hermione was beyond words at this point. She whimpered. He bent down to swipe his tongue against her clit. Hermione whimpered even louder.

“Do you want to come, my sweet? Is that what’s wrong?” Hermione nodded vigorously. “Alright,” he said. “I may be convinced to let you come on one condition.”

She waited, albeit impatiently, for what he was about to say. But like the bastard he was, Snape seemed to be drawing this out too.

“Tell me.” He punctuated those words with another swipe of his tongue. “Who.” He licked her again. “Do you.” A third time. Hermione was almost growing tired of his deep drawl. “Belong.” He licked her a final time. “To?”

By the end of this interrogation, Hermione had pulled so hard on the rope that she had rubbed her wrists raw. “You, sir,” she cried. “*Yooou!*” Hermione drew out that last vowel as if she were howling in pain, and in some ways, she was.

“That’s right,” Snape said. Then to her surprise, he inserted a finger. Until this point, his only tool of pleasure had been his tongue, but now fingers appeared to be fair game.

“And who owns this cunt?” he asked, adding another finger. Snape was pumping them in and out of her, slow enough to not create much friction but still fast enough to stimulate her.

“You do, sir,” Hermione replied, biting her lip.

“Good girl,” he crooned, sending another frisson down her spine and another wave of slick coursing out of her. “Who controls these orgasms?”

Snape added a third finger. It was a tight fit considering Hermione hadn’t had sex in months, but the discomfort would be nothing compared to the monstrous cock that was waiting for her. Then there was the knot. Merlin, the *knot*. Hermione had never been knotted, but she knew it would be like nothing she had ever experienced before. She could only pray to whatever deities would listen that she would be able to take it.

“You do, sir,” she repeated. Hermione was so close that her voice was quavering.

“See. That wasn’t so hard, was it, *kitten?*”

Then Snape returned his mouth to her clit and sucked. Hermione moaned as wave after wave of pleasure coursed over her. She squeezed her thighs together, desperate for any relief. Even through her orgasm Snape continued to lap along her folds, her desperate pleas falling on uncaring ears.

Now that Severus had tasted *his* Omega—for that’s what she was—he knew he would not want anyone else. That meant that there was only one thing left for him to do. Well, technically two things, but math was never in the forefront of an Alpha’s mind when they began their rut.

He removed his mouth from Granger's sweet cunt. Even though her legs continued to shake, Severus could hear her exhale a tiny sigh of relief. Just for that, he wanted to make her come again, so she might never know relief. There was a war raging in Severus's mind: tasting her slick or rutting his Omega senseless.

The second option won out.

Severus stood up off the bed and disrobed with a flick of his wand. Granger observed him, and he watched her response in turn. Severus was pleased to report that her eyes widened considerably when she finally caught sight of his massive cock. He hoped she liked the look of it because it would be the only cock she would be seeing for a very long time.

He returned to the bed and lined himself up with Granger's slit. Severus rubbed the head along her weeping lips, not only to coat his dick with her moisture but also to tease her further. The way she contorted her face told Severus that he would continue to enjoy the sweet torment he brought upon his little mate.

"Do you want this cock, kitten?" Granger nodded. "I *can't* hear you."

"Yes, sir," Granger said. "Please knot me, Daddy."

Daddy? Severus liked the sound of that. "That's my good girl," he said, the hint of a growl coloring his voice. Severus should have known that Granger would have a praise kink, but it pleased him nevertheless to see how she shuddered at his words. He could only imagine how it would feel to be buried deep in her pussy when he said those words. He needed to be balls deep in her hot, dripping cunt.

So, Severus took the plunge without any preamble, sinking himself completely into Granger's heat. He groaned in pleasure as her walls clenched around his cock. Merlin, she was tight. Severus pistoned in and out of her, thinking only of his own satisfaction.

The pain was temporary, quickly replaced by ecstasy. Even after the countless orgasms, she had endured, Hermione could feel that coil of pleasure tightening with every thrust. She dug her fingers into his back—he had released her binds shortly after entering her—desperate for purchase. Snape's breathing was ragged in her ear, but he possessed impressive stamina.

Hermione cried out again as another orgasm overtook her. With the way her walls were throbbing, she thought it would not be long until Snape also came. Hermione was mistaken. Instead, without removing his cock, Snape flipped her over expertly so that she was on her hands and knees. Hermione was still trembling from the aftershocks of such intense pleasure and would have collapsed were it not for the strong arms wrapped around her.

She moaned as one of those strong arms reached around and pinched her nipple. In this position, Snape's cock was hitting her from an entirely different angle, stimulating her in heretofore unexplored ways. This, combined with the indecorous sounds of their coupling, made Hermione feel delightfully debauched. And to think, this cock would be hers for the rest of her life.

Then came the knot.

She could feel it inflating and had some sense of its girth, but expecting and experiencing were two separate things. It breached her with indifference, splitting her wide open. Hermione did not know she could be this full. Yet, despite the pain, nothing had ever felt so right. She clawed her fingers into his bedspread and arched her back, desperate for another orgasm, even if Hermione was not entirely confident her body could take it. But then Hermione could feel a stinging sensation originating from her scalp. Snape had used this opportunity to wrap her hair around his fist. He tugged her head back, further exposing her neck.

“You’re mine,” he growled in her ear.

Hermione screamed when he bit down.

The metallic tang of blood coated his mouth, but that sensation was quickly forgotten when Severus came with such force that he saw stars. He gripped Granger’s soft hips hard enough to bruise and roared as he painted her insides with ropes of his hot seed. The only thought echoing through his mind was: *Mine, mine, mine*. She belonged to *him*.

As Severus came down from his high, his mind started to clear. He had knotted and bit Hermione Granger, joining them for the rest of their lives. But more pressingly, they were joined physically for the foreseeable future by his Alpha dick.

Severus repositioned her carefully, her head resting on a pillow so that she would be comfortable as his knot deflated. He held her from behind, arm wrapped around her middle, and brushed her hair out of her face. Hermione’s eyes were closed, and her heart rate was elevated. The wound on her neck was bloody, but Severus could see it was already clotting—a small mercy courtesy of Omega biology.

“Are you alright, Hermione?” he asked, covering her body with the ruined duvet.

Hermione popped open one eye. Her body was sore all over, and his seed was dripping down her legs, but she was certainly alive. In fact, Hermione had never felt so alert, her blood pumping and her heart racing. When her Alpha saw that she was conscious, he planted a kiss on her temple. The tenderness in which he pronounced her name had not been lost on her. She supposed that she had to start thinking of him as “Severus” as well.

“I’m fine,” she croaked, her voice hoarse.

Hermione had read that it took anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour for a knot to soften completely. That was a long time to be physically entangled with a man she hardly knew. Merlin, what would they even talk about? Why hadn’t this come up in all of her meticulous planning?

“So...” Hermione began, grasping for conversation starters. “Do you like Fleetwood Mac?”

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